

Glyn Farm, Dolgellau

When all this is over
I'll take a train,
sit in a corner seat,
tick off the towns that pass
on my father's map, unwrap my lunch

in the Black Country, watch the fields
become hills, mountains,
listen to the engine choking
up Talerddig cutting
knowing tonight I will sleep safe

in the farmhouse with the boulder
that blocks the top of the stairs
in the bed that props up the sloping roof,
waken to sheep in bluebells,
first light on the river

that has carried my life all these years
down to the sea where the sands
change with each tide,

I will become the horizon,
not look back at the mountain

I first climbed with you.

National Service

for my father

Train at Tonfanau pauses
for sheep. Caravan
floats on the field by the waves.

I remember your photo,
fresh-faced and confident.

*Follow me, B Troop Radar Battery
through the river, and up the mountain*
you said, seventy years ago.

Now, the sheep walk in line
between hut bases, bushes stunted
by decades of discipline
from the wind off the sea.
All at sea, you can no more
marshall your memories than
I count the salt-eaten rust flakes
between the tracks on Barmouth Bridge.

Towyn

commuting from school

Waves break on an unseen shore.
Her earworms are shiny bright.
Peregrine darts from the cliff edge.

She texts a laugh out loud to her friend
in the next seat. The Mountain today
is veiled, but the sea-sand shapes

slither and dance upstream,
beyond the geese. Mobile cackles,
she'll meet him tonight

at the chippy; but the sea unseen
is sullen, grey-green, wild horse foam,
vortex of light where the rain

has passed. She paints her nails,
green, silver, blue,
and alights.

Cofiwch Dryweryn
(Remember Tryweryn!)

There are places in Wales
I do not go, do not watch
for bubbles to surface
from the nation's soul,

do not sit in this bright curlew'd field
nor look for Hedd Wyn
wording peace in the train he took
to the front, single track

that shows its bones in drought,
skeleton in a drained desert,
graves smothered in concrete guilt
while the waters parted.

I do not look behind the Wild Wales
Adventure Centre for Ceridwen's
salmon-otter sparrow-hawk
corn-hen to shape-shift

fifty-six years of water. Do not
turn off the taps in Liverpool,
desalinate the Mersey,
apologise, do not

forget this fulcrum of the *hen iaith*,
lily white on dragon red
on the road to Llanrhystud.
Cofiwch Dryweryn!

After RS Thomas, Reservoirs

Mists of time
Mynydd Moel (Cadair Idris)
for my sister Charlotte

Stream splashes spring in torrents,
out-sings blackbird in the wood,
spray drips from the memory steps
I climb to the llyn that's lost
in the mountain morning mist.

Cloud parts for a spell
as I slip my father off my back.
The mountain makes play to claim him:
his ashes are in my pack.
As I rest, I find her beside me.

'Where have you been these forty years?'
I do not ask, or did I dream
the cherry wept blossom,
covered your grave?

See, nothing has changed, she says:
the dipper swims upstream,
the hawthorn's gnarled by the bridge,
the raven croaks in the cwm.

'Will you come home with me?'
I ask, *'for our mother looks for you.*
Dad went on ahead, couldn't wait
to see you again.'

'I must find him now,' she says,
'in case he is lost in the mist.'
She does not hear me explain

but as cloud windows shut
I'm alone again

on Mynydd Moel.

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I write as Aziz Dixon.

Poetry collections: North Wales Pilgrim (2015), available on Amazon  
and

Because of the War (2020) – published by Maytree Press